

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1174.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Hallam. Vols. II. III. and IV. 8vo. London, 1839. Murray.

It is now about two years since we reviewed the first volume of this work, which, in its complete form, is not only one of the most important that has issued from the press for many years, but it is, we have no hesitation in saying, sufficient of itself to make the lasting and substantial reputation of its author. The work of years of patient research, it exhibits a full illustration of one of the most interesting periods of literary history that the world has yet witnessed, and must be henceforth the constant companion of the scholar, and indeed of every well-educated gentleman.

The age to which Mr. Hallam's first volume was more peculiarly devoted, namely, the fifteenth, and first half of the sixteenth centuries, was a period of preparation. The earlier national literature of the different nations of Europe had by degrees dwindled away, and, except the traces which it had left among the lower orders of people, had disappeared from the scene; but it had left impressions and effects which were to administer to, and in some measure to influence the character of, a new intellectual movement. It is a curious circumstance, that the period of the Reformation, and the revival of learning in the west of Europe, was preceded by a dark age of nearly a century, which, preceded itself by a period of comparative brightness, presents scarcely a single name in literature that is worthy to be remembered. But it is still more singular, that to this very period of intellectual depression we owe the invention of printing, which was destined to be the main instrument of the change that was approaching. The first great benefit which the press conferred upon literature, was by spreading abroad numerous copies of the ancient classics. Previous to the year 1550, the greater number of works of any importance which had appeared in print were classical writers, or theological treatises. Before that period the works printed in the vernacular tongue were comparatively of small importance.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century, the mind had thrown off the shackles with which its movements had been embarrassed, and, disdaining the old beaten tracks, people began to explore new roads in literature and science. Throughout Europe, the great characteristic of the literature of this age is its remarkable inequality. Among innumerable writers, whose merits are of a very low scale, and many of whom are utterly contemptible, we meet with some of the most lofty geniuses that modern times have produced. It was during this age that appeared, in Italy, Tasso; in Portugal, Camoens; and in England, Spenser and Shakspeare. It was, in fact, the peculiar age, when a few men appeared who far outstripped their contemporaries; and, which is equally remarkable, these men seem to have been but ill-appreciated by their contemporaries, who were not yet capable of judging of their superior excellence. Of this we may cite the example of Camoens, in Portugal. In our

own country, except among a few individuals, it may be doubted whether the poetry of Spenser was rated above that of such doggerel writers as Churchyard; and every reader is aware how many paltry dramatists stole the palm from immortal Shakspeare. The seventeenth century presents to our view a long period of great and continued efforts; and to it almost every country in Europe owes a large proportion of its standard literary productions.

Mr. Hallam's book is not only a great addition to literature, but at the same time it fills up an absolute void. The chief books we have hitherto had on literary history have been dry bibliographies, or partial treatises, many of which were either written by men who had more taste than learning, or who had more learning than taste or judgment; or, not unfrequently, who were deficient in both. Mr. Hallam's book is far from aiming at being in any measure bibliographical; he has mapped out literature and learning into different periods and different branches; and he dwells, with considerable detail, on the characteristics and on the merits of each, and of its principal writers and works. He has undertaken a very extensive field, and he was compelled by its magnitude to seize the most striking and prominent parts as points to dwell upon, subjecting himself, perhaps, here and there, to the charge of omission; but he could not have done otherwise, without either becoming too brief in his details, and so reducing his book to little better than a list of writers and their works; or, on the other hand, of making his own work far too bulky. It might, for instance, be made a subject of complaint, that he has neglected the English mathematicians of the first half of the seventeenth century—such as Cavendish and Pell, the friends and correspondents of Hobbes, Descartes, Roberval, and Gassendi. Such omissions as this are, however, in a book of this character, easily excused.

The arrangement of Mr. Hallam's book is extremely judicious, and nothing can be more happy than his general criticisms. Our extracts must, from its nature, be very indiscriminate; and we give the preference to such passages as are least connected with what precedes or follows. The first chapter of the second volume—which volume includes the period from 1550 to 1600—is devoted to classical literature, which, at the beginning of this period, still held the place of highest importance. We think there is much justice in the following remarks, which arise out of the mention of such names as Turnebus, Victorinus, and Muretus:—

“Those who now, by the glancing at a note, obtain the result of the patient diligence of these men, should feel some respect for their names, and some admiration for their acuteness and strength of memory. They had to collate the whole of antiquity; they plunged into depths which the indolence of modern philology, screening itself under the garb of fastidiousness, affects to deem unworthy to be explored, and thought themselves bound to become lawyers, physicians, historians, artists, agriculturists, to elucidate the difficulties which ancient writers present. It may be doubted

also, whether our more recent editions of the classics have preserved all the important materials which the indefatigable exertions of the men of the sixteenth century accumulated. In the present state of philology, there is incomparably more knowledge of grammatical niceties, at least in the Greek language, than they possessed, and more critical acuteness perhaps in correction, though in this they were not always deficient; but for the exegetical part of criticism—the interpretation and illustration of passages, not corrupt, but obscure—we may not be wrong in suspecting that more has been lost than added in the eighteenth and present centuries to the *savans* in us, as the French affect to call them, whom we find in the bulky and forgotten volumes of Gruter.”

From classical learning, Mr. Hallam proceeds to theology, as being now, at and soon after the period of the Reformation, peculiarly interesting and important. At the middle of the sixteenth century, and during some years after, the Protestant doctrines had made considerable progress in several countries of Europe, such as Austria, Italy, and Spain, where they soon afterwards began to decline, as they did also a little later in France. In fact, throughout Europe, the general zeal which had distinguished this party at the immediate period of the Reformation, began to subside, and the popish party only to take courage and to redouble its zeal in spreading and supporting the papal influence.

“This great reaction of the papal religion, after the shock it had sustained in the first part of the sixteenth century, ought for ever to restrain that temerity of prediction so frequent in our ears. As women sometimes believe the fashion of last year in dress to be wholly ridiculous, and incapable of being ever again adopted by any one solicitous about her beauty; so those who affect to pronounce on future events are equally confident against the possibility of a resurrection of opinions which the majority have for the time ceased to maintain. In the year 1560, every Protestant in Europe doubtless anticipated the overthrow of Popery; the Catholics could have found little else to warrant hope than their trust in heaven. The late rush of many nations towards democratical opinions has not been so rapid and so general as the change of religion about that period. It is important and interesting to inquire what stemmed this current? We readily acknowledge the prudence, firmness, and unity of purpose, that for the most part distinguished the court of Rome, the obedience of its hierarchy, the severity of intolerant laws, and the searching rigour of the Inquisition; the resolute adherence of great princes to the Catholic faith, the influence of the Jesuits over education: but these either existed before, or would at least not have been sufficient to withstand an overwhelming force of opinion. It must be acknowledged that there was a principle of vitality in that religion, independent of its external strength. By the side of its secular pomp, its relaxation of morality, there had always been an intense flame of zeal and devotion. Superstition it might be in the many, fanaticism in a few; but both of them imply

the qualities which, while they subsist, render a religion indestructible. That revival of an ardent zeal, through which the Franciscans had, in the thirteenth century, with some good, and much more evil effect, spread a popular enthusiasm over Europe, was once more displayed in counteraction of those new doctrines, that themselves had drawn their life from a similar development of moral emotion."

Of the religious intolerance of the Reformers, Mr. Hallam observes, a little further on:—

"As this is a literary, rather than an ecclesiastical history, we shall neither advert to the less learned sectaries, nor speak of controversies which had chiefly a local importance, such as those of the English Puritans with the Established Church. 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity' will claim attention in a subsequent chapter. Thus, in the second period of the Reformation, those ominous symptoms which had appeared in its earlier stage—disunion, virulence, bigotry, intolerance, far from yielding to any benignant influence, grew more inveterate and incurable. Yet some there were, even in this century, who laid the foundations of a more charitable and rational indulgence to diversities of judgment, which the principle of the Reformation itself had in some measure sanctioned. It may be said that this tolerant spirit rose out of the ashes of Servetus. The right of civil magistrates to punish heresy with death had been already impugned by some Protestant theologians, as well as by Erasmus. Luther had declared against it; and though Zuingle, who had maintained the same principle as Luther, has been charged with having afterwards approved the drowning of some Anabaptists in the lake of Zurich, it does not appear that his language requires such an interpretation. The early Anabaptists, indeed, having been seditious and unmanageable to the greatest degree, it is not easy to shew that they were put to death simply on account of their religion. But the execution of Servetus, with circumstances of so much cruelty, and with no possible pretext but the error of his opinions, brought home to the minds of serious men the importance of considering, whether a mere persuasion of the truth of our doctrines can justify the infliction of capital punishment on those who dissent from them; and how far we can consistently reprobate the persecutions of the Church of Rome, while acting so closely after her example. But it was dangerous to withstand openly the rancour of the ecclesiastics domineering in the Protestant churches, or the usual bigotry of the multitude. Melancthon himself, tolerant by nature, and knowing enough of the spirit of persecution which disturbed his peace, was yet unfortunately led by timidity to express, in a letter to Beza, his approbation of the death of Servetus, though he admits that some saw it in a different light. Calvin, early in 1554, published a dissertation to vindicate the magistrates of Geneva, in their dealings with this heretic. But Sebastian Castalio, under the name of Martin Bellius, ventured to reply in a little tract, entitled, 'De Hereticis quomodo cum agendum sit variorum sententiæ.' This is a collection of different passages from the fathers and modern authors in favour of toleration, to which he prefixed a letter of his own to the Duke of Wirtemberg, more valuable than the rest of the work; and though written in the cautious style required by the times, containing the pith of those arguments which have ultimately triumphed in almost every part of Europe. The impossibility of forcing

belief, the obscurity and insignificance of many disputed questions, the sympathy which the fortitude of heretics produced, and other leading topics, are well touched in this very short tract; for the preface does not exceed twenty-eight pages in 16mo."

The following is a part of Mr. Hallam's criticism on the "Essays of Montaigne," one of the most remarkable books published in France during the sixteenth century; and one which had no small influence on the future character of French literature:—

"The 'Essays of Montaigne,' the first edition of which appeared at Bordeaux, in 1580, make, in several respects, an epoch in literature; less on account of their real importance, or the novel truths they contain, than of their influence upon the taste and the opinions of Europe. They are the first *provocatio ad populum*, the first appeal from the porch and the academy, to the haunts of busy and of idle men,—the first book that taught the unlearned reader to observe and reflect for himself on questions of moral philosophy. In an age when every topic of this nature was treated systematically and in a didactic form, he broke out without connexion of chapters, with all the digressions that levity and garrulous egotism could suggest, with a very delightful, but, at that time, most unusual rapidity of transition from seriousness to gaiety. It would be to anticipate much of what will demand attention in the ensuing century, were we to mention here the conspicuous writers who, more or less directly, and with more or less of close imitation, may be classed in the school of Montaigne: it embraces, in fact, a large proportion of French and English literature, and especially of that which has borrowed his title of 'Essays.' No prose writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, nor probably given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher, a name which he was far from arrogating, there will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius. It is a striking proof of these qualities, that we cannot help believing him to have struck out all his thoughts by a spontaneous effort of his mind, and to have fallen afterwards upon his quotations and examples by happy accident. I have little doubt but that the process was different; and that, either by dint of memory, though he absolutely disclaims the possessing a good one, or by the usual method of common-placing, he had made his reading instrumental to excite his own ingenious and fearless understanding. • • •

"His quotations, though they perhaps make more than one half of his essays, seem parts of himself, and are like limbs of his own mind, which could not be separated without laceration. But over all is spread a charm of a fascinating simplicity, and an apparent abandonment of the whole man to the easy inspiration of genius, combined with a good nature, though rather too epicurean and destitute of moral energy, which, for that very reason, made him a favourite with men of similar dispositions, for whom courts, and camps, and country mansions, were the proper soil. Montaigne is superior to any of the ancients in liveliness, in that careless and rapid style, where one thought springs naturally, but not consecutively, from another, by analogical rather than deductive connexion; so that, while the reader seems to be following a train of arguments, he is imperceptibly hurried to a distance by some contingent association. • • •

"He sometimes makes a show of coming back from his excursions; but he has generally

exhausted himself before he does so. This is what men love to practise (not advantageously for their severer studies) in their own thoughts; they love to follow the casual associations that lead them through pleasant labyrinths, as one riding along the high road is glad to deviate a little into the woods, though it may sometimes happen that he will lose his way, and find himself far remote from his inn. And such is the conversational style of lively and eloquent old men. We converse with Montaigne, or rather hear him talk; it is almost impossible to read his essays without thinking that he speaks to us; we see his cheerful brow, his sparkling eye, his negligent, but gentlemanly demeanour; we picture him in his arm-chair, with his few books round the room, and Plutarch on the table."

Of the character of the English philosophers of the reign of Elizabeth:—

"There was never a generation in England which, for worldly prudence and wise observation of mankind, stood higher than the subjects of Elizabeth. Rich in men of strong mind, that age had given them a discipline unknown to ourselves; the strictness of the Tudor government, the suspicious temper of the queen, the spirit not only of intolerance, but of inquisitiveness as to religious dissent, the uncertainties of the future, produced a caution rather foreign to the English character, accompanied by a closer attention to the workings of other men's minds, and their exterior signs. This, for similar reasons, had long distinguished the Italians; but it is chiefly displayed, perhaps, in their political writings. We find it, in a larger and more philosophical sense, near the end of Elizabeth's reign, when our literature made its first strong shoot, prompting the short condensed reflections of Burleigh and Raleigh, or saturating with moral observation the mighty soul of Shakspeare."

We have run over Mr. Hallam's second volume, until we have come to the pleasant and fertile head of poetry; and here, perhaps, we had better stop for the present: for, as we intend to continue our extracts from, and observations upon, this work in our next, the poets of the Elizabethan age will themselves afford more than sufficient matter for a review. For this reason, also, we shall withstand the strong temptation of quoting from Mr. Hallam's observations on the poets of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and Germany; though, perhaps, we may be allowed to make an exception in favour of a love-lorn lady:—

"The sorrows of Gaspara Stampar were of a different kind, but not less genuine than those of Rosa. She was a lady of the Paduan territory, living near the small river Anaso, from which she adopted the poetical name of Anasilla. This stream bathes the foot of certain lofty hills, from which a distinguished family, the Counts of Collalto, took their appellation. The representative of this house, himself a poet as well as a soldier—and, if we believe his fond admirer, endowed with every virtue except constancy—was loved by Gaspara with enthusiastic passion. Unhappily she learned only by sad experience the want of generosity too common to man, and sacrificing, not the honour, but the pride of her sex, by submissive affection; and finally, by querulous importunity, she estranged a heart never so susceptible as her own. Her sonnets, which seem arranged nearly in order, begin with the delirium of sanguine love: they are extravagant effusions of admiration, mingled with joy and hope; but soon the sense of Collalto's coldness glides in and overpowers her bliss. After three

years' expectation of seeing his promise of marriage fulfilled, and when he had already caused alarm by his indifference, she was compelled to endure the pangs of absence, by his entering the service of France. This does not seem to have been of long continuance; but his letters were unfrequent, and her complaints, always vented in a sonnet, become more fretful. He returned, and Anasilla exults with tenderness, yet still timid in the midst of her joy:—

—“Oserò io, con queste fide braccia,
Cingerli il caro collo, ed accostare
La mia tromante alla sua viva faccia!”

But jealousy, not groundless, soon intruded, and we find her doubly miserable. Collato became more harsh, avowed his indifference, forbade her to importune him with her complaints; and in a few months espoused another woman. It is said by the historians of Italian literature, that the broken heart of Gaspara sunk very soon under these accumulated sorrows into the grave. And such, no doubt, is what my readers expect, and (at least the gender of them) wish to find. But inexorable truth, to whom I am the sworn vassal, compels me to say that the poems of the lady herself contain unequivocal proofs that she avenged herself better on Collato,—by falling in love again. We find the acknowledgment of another incipient passion, which speedily comes to maturity; and, while declaring that her present flame is much stronger than the last, she dismisses her faithful lover with the handsome compliment, that it was her destiny always to fix her affections on a noble object. The name of her second choice does not appear in her poems; nor has any one hitherto, it would seem, made the very easy discovery of his existence. It is true that she died young, ‘but not of love.’”

Hamilton King; or, the Smuggler and the Dwarf. By the Old Sailor, author of “Tough Yarns,” &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

In natural history we have the frigate-bird, Mother Cary's chicken, and others, which seem equally at home upon the tempestuous ocean, as if it were dry and solid land. So it is in literary history with some authors—Marryat, Chamier, Glascock, Cooper, and, though last, not least, the Old Sailor, who appear to be more at home on sea than on shore, and ride through storms like Mother Cary's chickens, and sail along like frigate-birds, untiring and moving with delight. In no former work have we seen this more powerfully exemplified than in the present. Mr. Barker sports and plays amid the waves, and his sailors do indeed seem “all as one as a piece of their ship.” The men and the vessel are instinct with one life, and their mutual affection (for the craft acts as if it absolutely loved its accomplished navigator) is quite a picture of feeling and attachment.

And much of these three volumes passes on the sea, though our author has given us striking incidents from Irish Whiteboyism in a proclaimed district, and scenes from France, St. Domingo, the Spanish Main, the West Indies, South America, and England; through all which the stirring variety of his narrative, and the adventures which befall his principal characters, carry him and them. The action never pauses for an instant; and as for the plot, it is as mysterious, intricate, and startling, as the dearest lover of strange matters could desire. From a transport in a convicts-hip we have a remarkable episode, intimately

connected, however, with the main story; and from American traders and Negro seamen, the humours and relief of the piece are cleverly deduced.

With the secrets of productions of this class our readers are aware we never meddle; and we should think it doubly wrong to do so where, as in this instance, the pleasure of unravelling them must be so great. We shall therefore, as usual, seek our illustrations in such extracts as we can most readily separate from the general text. And the Introduction offers itself in a peculiar manner for this purpose:—

“Oh! what shall I do?—where shall I go?—will nobody help me?” were the cries of a little girl about four years old, as she stood trembling and weeping at the entrance to a piece of meadow-land near the sea-port town of Weymouth. The only individual in sight was a stout-made elderly gentleman, mounted upon a superb gray horse, apparently as quiet and as playful as a lamb, for while it walked soberly and steadily along, it pricked up its ears, tossed its head, and indulged in many other little pleasantries that mark high breeding. The rider was habited in a dress that corresponded with the *beau idéal* of a clerical farmer, well to do in the world, and fond of the good things of this life. He listened to the wailings of the little mourner, and as he reined in his beautiful animal to a stand-still, he exclaimed, ‘Fie, fie, little girl! so young, and begging!’—there, go—go—go—go home; mustn't beg; never beg; bad habit, begging.’ The girl gazed earnestly in his face for a moment or two to read its expression (for children are apt scholars in the study of the human countenance), and finding that, though reproof was on the tongue, there yet was benevolence in the look, she approached still nearer to the gentleman, and, in mournful accents, exclaimed, ‘Oh, sir, mammy is dying! she is going to leave little Mammy and me; but she says she can't die without the minister.’ ‘What—what!’ inquired the person addressed, in a tone of eagerness, ‘is she dying, and wants the clergyman?’ Run—run, little girl; run to that white house!’ pointing to an elegant mansion some quarter of a mile distant, ‘run—run, the minister lives there.’ ‘I've been, sir,’ replied the child, still crying, ‘but he says he can't come, sir, because he's going to read prayers at the church.’ ‘Did you tell him your mother was dying; eh, little girl—eh?’ inquired the gentleman. ‘Oh, yes sir,’ answered the child, ‘I told him every thing; but he said he couldn't spare time for strolling vagrants.’ ‘And is she so near her end, my child?’ asked the gentleman, as he bent his earnest attention to the girl's face, for the purpose of detecting, if possible, whether there was any intended imposition. But the grief of the child was evidently unaffected as she replied, ‘Oh, sir; mammy says she shall never rise again. Oh, sir, she is dying—she is dying!’ ‘Make haste to the town, then,’ urged the gentleman, ‘run—run! or stop here, and I will ride in and send—’ ‘I've been to the town, sir,’ answered the weeping girl, ‘but nobody will come, and mother is dying! Oh, sir, do, pray help her, and do not let her die.’ This was uttered in such wild accents of real sorrow, that a tear trembled in the eye of the horseman as he solemnly responded, as if in converse with his own thoughts, ‘Life and death are in the hands of the King of kings alone;’ and then hastily added, ‘Well—well—well, little girl, where is she? where is your mother?’ and then again, communing with himself, he murmured, ‘And

am not I a minister? an anointed minister?’ his hastiness of speech returned, ‘Yes—yes; take me to your mother, little girl; take me to your mother. Where is she?’ ‘She's in the field here, sir; we've been there all night, for mother had no money to get lodgings,’ replied the child, running with eagerness to open the gate, through which the gentleman having passed, she again ran on before him as fast as her little legs could carry her towards a hay-stack that stood near the hedge in a corner of the meadow. On reaching it she disappeared for a moment behind it, and then again emerging, she exclaimed, ‘Mammy is not dead, sir, but she cannot speak to me! Oh, do save her, sir,—do save her, for the sake of little Mammy and me!’ ‘Poor child!’ said the gentleman, dismounting from his horse, and throwing the reins over a broken fence that had once served as a protection to the stack from cattle, he patted the neck of his proud steed, which seemed restless under such restraint. ‘Stand still, Gustavus!’ said he, and the animal immediately obeyed. The girl eagerly watched his movements, and then, taking him by the hand, he suffered himself to be conducted to the back of the stack, where a scene presented itself that was well calculated to appal the generous sympathies of humanity, whilst it humbled the aspirations of mortal pride. On a wide space between the hedge and the stack, a female lay extended upon a plaid cloak, with her head pillowed by some loose hay that had been collected for the purpose. She was emaciated in person, and the pallid hue of death upon her brow was unnaturally contrasted by the reddened flush of fever on the cheeks; her skin was delicately fair, and a single glance revealed that in brighter, happier times, she had been one of Nature's most lovely flowers. Her large blue eyes were glistening and bright, but it was only that glassy appearance which is frequently the precursor of dissolution; the thin white hands were clasped upon the breast: the gold wedding-ring mocking, by its ample dimensions, the shrunk and wasted finger on which it was placed. Her dress was that of gentility in decay, as if the fading remnants of better days supplied a last and only resource. By her side lay a remarkably fine boy about two years old, who seemed by the traces of tears upon his face to have cried himself to sleep. To witness such a spectacle unmoved was impossible, and the visitor who now approached gave ample indication that he possessed the best feelings of the human heart. He bent down over the dying woman, and put several questions; but the melancholy satisfaction of reply was denied, as she was unable to articulate a single word. Still she was perfectly sensible, and, placing her hands together in the attitude of supplication, she looked imploringly in his face. The appeal was understood; the kind-hearted man drew an ample silk-handkerchief from his pocket, and, spreading it on the ground, he knelt down; then, taking off his hat, he placed it carefully on some clean hay, and, raising his hands in prayer, he bowed his head in silence. A wild hysterical chuckling of grateful delight rattled in the woman's throat as she witnessed this demonstration; she held up her own waxlike hands in token that it was comprehended. The girl knelt by her mother's head; and there, beneath the canopy of heaven, in the temple not made with hands,—whilst the wild flowers breathed their perfume in the hedges, and the foliage looked beautiful in its early verdure,—did the hearts of the living and the dying com-

mine with their Maker. At first, the humble petition was offered up in solemn stillness; but the earnest and imploring look of the woman had a wider meaning. This, too, was understood; and in a few minutes the sonorous and deep-toned voice of the minister was heard pleading before the Omnipotent Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal. His hastiness of utterance was gone; his words came forth clearly articulated—slow, solemn, and impressive. 'O God, the Father of heaven! whose mercy is without bound, from thy eternal throne look down upon this my dying sister of the dust. Alleviate her bodily pain by the word of thy power; forgive all her sins through the mediation of a Divine Redeemer; strengthen her faith whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as thy righteous rod has bowed her down in tribulation, so also let thy holy staff support her in the hour of dissolution, and finally bring her to thine everlasting rest.' The minister paused; for the sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs, as well as the neighing of recognition from 'Gustavus,' came upon the breeze; and, in another minute or two, a numerous and splendid cavalcade appeared upon the scene of action. Amongst them were many of the handsomest and bravest of England's pride, bearing the insignia of nobility; there were officers of the navy and the army in their rich uniforms, displaying the highest rank in both services; but every tongue was hushed—every one dismounted—every head was uncovered, when they beheld the position of the reverend minister. The woman glared at the gorgeous spectacle—it seemed to bewilder her mind; and, as if desirous of shutting out the world, with all its pomps and vanities, she closed her eyes as the prayer proceeded. 'Almighty Ruler,' continued the minister, 'thy searching eye already knoweth the transgressions and the sorrows of this thy suffering creature here before thee, now trembling upon the brink of the grave; help her to call upon thee in this last trying hour for pardon and for peace, through the merits of that Saviour who was chastised for our iniquities, and who expired on the cross that we might be saved.' A tranquil smile settled on the woman's features, and her moving lips gave indication that her heart was in earnest prayer. The minister observed it, and his utterance became more firm and persuasive; and as the big round tears succeeded each other down his cheeks, he continued—'Oh! let the still small voice of supplication, though unheard by mortal ears, ascend to the footstool of thy throne. Remove the crown of thorns which the frailty of human nature may have placed upon her head, and pour upon her the healing balm of sovereign grace, to wash out every guilty stain.' Here his voice faltered with emotion, and for several minutes his entreaties were only known to that great Being to whom they were addressed. The woman, too, seemed to be similarly engaged, whilst every soul in that assembled group acknowledged the presence of the Deity. At length the minister resumed, and concluded his prayer, saying, 'O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' The female opened her eyes, and extended one hand to the oracle of peace; with the other she directed his attention to her children. 'Yes—yes,' replied he, 'they shall be taken care of, my poor woman; but can nothing be done?' He beckoned to one of the numerous party, who immediately advanced, and, as if well accustomed to such operations,

he felt the pulse, placed his hand upon the heart, examined the pupil of the eye, and then shook his head. 'Is there no hope, doctor?' inquired the still kneeling minister. 'No, sire,' returned the physician—'none. All in your majesty's dominions could not save her.' The question and rejoinder, though spoke only in whispers, was not unheard by the female; it seemed to rally life back to its stronghold. She involuntarily, and without help, sat upright; a gaze of intense eagerness was bent upon the monarch's countenance; the last effort of expiring nature was put forth, and, grasping the sovereign's arm, she exclaimed, 'My king—my husband—my children!' Her latest breath departed with the words; her grasp relaxed, and she fell backward—a corpse. During the foregoing proceeding the girl remained a silent but weeping spectator; but when she saw her mother fall, and became convinced that she was dead, she threw her little arms round her neck, laid her head upon the bosom on which she had so often hung in infancy, whilst her piercing shrieks rung wildly through the air, and awakened the sleeping boy, who rubbed his drowsy eyes, smiled playfully as he beheld the prancing horses and the glittering uniforms—then turning to the dead he hid his face in the cloak. The king arose from his kneeling position, gave directions to his attendants relative to the body of the departed, and ordered inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any relatives or friends in existence to whose bounty and care the survivors might lay claim. 'And what is to be done with the children in the meantime, sire?' asked the confidential servant who had received the instructions. 'Let them be taken care of, and provided for,' replied the monarch, looking with kindly feelings of benevolence on the bereaved; 'the queen will provide the rest. Yes—yes—yes, must shew the poor things to Charlotte.' The royal cavalcade remounted, and withdrew from a scene in which the King of Terrors had shewn his sovereignty before the greatest monarch in the universe, and princes had received an important moral lesson on the instability of human life. And what is death?—a fearful mystery that is ever before us! Youth, manhood, beauty,—all that is brave and honourable, all that is great and good, fall before the tyrant; and those who have loved and cherished the living turn with dread and disgust from the corpse, thrusting it hastily from their sight as a loathsome thing. There is a chilling horror in listening to the groaning of the screws as they confine the coffin-lid over features that are well remembered in the heart, and over motionless hands that once were pressed with the ardency of warm affection. And what is life?—the soldier and sailor traffic in it at a few pence a-day!—In about an hour a hearse arrived at the spot in which the body was deposited, and the children followed in a close carriage which had been sent for the purpose by the worthy physician, the girl weeping as if her heart would break; the boy, unconscious of his loss, delighted with the novelty of his situation as the melancholy procession passed through the assembled crowds, who had gleaned some circumstances connected with the occurrence from persons in his majesty's suite, and had thronged together through curiosity to witness the spectacle, as well as to express their admiration of the paternal solicitude of their royal master. Admirable are those inquiries in England which so promptly investigate the causes of sudden death; and though it must be admitted that in numerous instances the pre-

siding officers were extremely illiterate men, yet they generally possessed plain common sense and sterling honesty. A coroner's jury was summoned;—the supremacy of the law was established by the sovereign making his deposition;—the children were questioned, but nothing could be elicited except from the girl, who stated that she had lived in a pretty cottage with her parents, had been turned out from it, and her father taken away,—she had crossed a wide pond of water with her mother,—had travelled on foot many days till they reached a great town, and went to the king's house, but finding he was not there, they had again set out; her mother had sickened on the road the evening previously to her dissolution; destitute of money to procure lodging or food, she had laid her on her death-bed,—the child had gathered hay for her pillow,—the night was passed beneath the canopy of heaven, and the last consolations of religion had been administered by the royal defender of the faith.

The narrative turns to Ireland, and the parties who afterwards figure in the tale take their stations. Amongst them Feaghan the smuggler, and Cornelius the dwarf, are prominent, and powerfully drawn. As we advance from their daring and desperate exploits, the tragic interest increases, and deeds of darkness are done, the issue of which is wrapt in fearful anticipations. Captain Lillyburn, of a revenue cutter, is here a very original and amusing portrait; but we abstain from particulars as indeed we must reluctantly also from the admirable sea-painting, with which the work abounds. But we must cull a morsel from St. Domingo, and Quaco, a glorious, ignorant, and most acute nigger:—

"The youngster had an entire establishment to himself: a groom, a head-nurse, servants of both sexes; and it was no uncommon thing to hear a drawing negro voice exclaim—'Jean, go and peka Saam to tell Jacques to call Quaco to the young massa!—hearse?' To perform this, Jean would probably pass Jacques or Quaco in seeking for Sam, but it would have been entirely out of negro routine to intimate one word to them, except through the proper messenger, as desired; and thus, Quaco, who might have been summoned instantly, was usually half an hour before he made his appearance, with a—'Wharra him young massa want?' Quaco was an old negro, who had not only visited several of the other West-India islands, but his early days had been passed as a slave amongst the English in Jamaica; he had also been some time in England, with his former master, where he might have remained a free man; but returning to the island, he was again a slave, though his owner placed so much confidence in him that he made him captain of one of his sloop-built drooghers, which gave him an opportunity of seeing much of the other islands. Unfortunately, his vessel had been wrecked off Cape Tiburon, and he alone escaped to the shore, where he was seized as a runaway slave, kept some time in confinement, and then sold to a Spanish planter to pay the expenses. In the course of time he was purchased by the late proprietor of Solitaire, and ultimately became house-steward at the residence. Now though Quaco could speak—that is, could mutilate—both Spanish and French, he had chosen, when any thing displeased him, to grumble and to swear in English. Whether there was any thing of an affirmative character between English and grumbling, or whether the full-mouthed utterance of a hearty 'd—' gave greater relief to the stomach than a mere 'sacré!'

it is hardly necessary here to discuss: Quaco invariably used the French language in his ordinary duties—sported the Spanish when he wanted to be a grandee, and rapped out unmercifully in English when a disposition prevailed to become a downright blackguard—the more especially as he could have it all his own way: for as no one understood him, so no one could answer him in his angry moods, and the fit of passion was the sooner over. It happened, shortly after the landing of Madame Brienet, that Quaco was summoned to her presence, and reprimanded for a neglect of duty on the part of some of the younger slaves. ‘Madame,’ returned he, with an obsequious bow, ‘la faute n’est pas mienne;’ and then muttered to himself, ‘Em d—black nigger.’ Hamilton caught the broken words, for he was standing close to him, but said nothing. ‘Well, Quaco,’ uttered his mistress, ‘I shall look to you for the management of these things, and hope there will be no occasion to complain again.’ The negro bowed most politely as he uttered, ‘Au plaisir, madame,’ but there was a grimness of look about his visage that plainly evinced he was far from pleased. He then retired from the room, followed by Hamilton, who overheard him muttering to himself, ‘Em daam covcumber-shiu rascal!—Mon Dieu! but dey get jolly fun fum for dis!’ He then shouted, ‘Monsieur Jacques! ayez la bonté de veni ici, si’ vous plait!’ adding in a lower key, ‘Yer daam debbil babby for makee me missee tink me no sabby ebery ting for you!’ Again he shouted, ‘Monsieur Saam! dépêchez-vous donc—un brave garçon, sans doute!’ Once more his voice fell—‘Cus you black libber for all day long!’ ‘Monsieur!’ exclaimed Jacques, cautiously looking in at the doorway to ascertain the mood of the old man, before he ventured to approach within assailable distance—‘Que dites-vous, monsieur?’ ‘Que dites-vous, monsieur?’ repeated Quaco spitefully, well knowing, from former experience, that Jacques was too wary to be caught; ‘Que dites-vous?’ he reiterated, whilst he advanced upon the young negro as he retreated backwards; ‘Arretez-vous là;—yer daam monkey-face, lib-in-a-bush, white-libber nigger’s nigger!’ This was quite enough for Jacques; he was well aware that the storm was rising, and, therefore, to use a nautical phrase, he made a grand ‘stern board’ towards the flight of steps that led from the verandah to the garden below. At this point Quaco made a sudden spring to catch the youth, previously to his descent, and actually achieved his object at the very moment that Sam had attained the summit in his ascent; the consequence was, that Jacques, impelled by the additional stimulus of Quaco, stumbled over Sam, and all three went rolling head over heels to the bottom, roaring and hallooing with all their might. The altitude, however, was not very great, so that no injury, beyond a thorough shaking, was sustained by the fall. But Quaco had now got both culprits in his clutches, and though he could not let go one to thump the other, yet he knocked their heads together with all his force, exclaiming, ‘Darra for you!’—‘yer daam bajain-born, craab-for-n’yam, suck-em-goat niggers—eh? Yer nebberr mind n’oder time, Monsieur Jacques—no? D’un autre côté, Monsieur Saam. Mettre quelque chose dans votre tête, mon ami!’—‘Cus you rogue-heart, for nebberr do what genelman tell you!—faire des singerie, eh? Darra den, ye haang-gallows, plantain-tieving sopy-drinking coquin—me one daam rascal for you?’ All the time Quaco was very foolishly knocking their pates against each other, with very little effect; for

as a negro’s head is the least vulnerable part of his body, the punishment was scarcely felt, and the moment they escaped from his clutches, they testified their sense of it, by changing their loud yells to uncontrollable laughter, as Quaco reascended the steps, down which he had gone so much against his inclination.”

With this we would conclude, but where the good king’s name-son is the hero, we may as well give a bit of Quaco’s version of the national anthem:—

“God shabe em Jarge de king,
Laang lib him nobber king,
God shabe de king;
Sen him wiggytoyus,
Naapay an goliouss,
Laang to run ober us;
God shabe de king.”

The third volume heaps up the intricacies; but in the end the dénouement comes; and satisfied readers will lay down one of the best naval and romantic stories of our day.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

No man ever wielded the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule with greater talent and effect than the reverend author whose works are here collected together. Wit and humour are his elements, and he sports amid the waves he lashes up, like a porpoise playing in the sea. Never were there such gambols,—spouting, rolling, tumbling, leaping,—and then darting away with incredible swiftness to the object in view; which, being seized, the capricious are again indulged in, as if no other purpose had ever been entertained than that of rollicking among the yeasty waves.

The first two volumes are filled with Articles contributed to the “Edinburgh Review;” upon his connexion with which the writer looks back with great complacency, as will be seen by his preface, which we quote entire, previous to offering any remarks upon it, or the matters to which it refers:—

“When first I went into the Church,” says the reverend gentleman, “I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late lord advocate of Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ The motto I proposed for the ‘Review’ was,

‘Tenet musam meditatur avena.’
‘We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.’

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from ‘Publius Syrus,’ of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edin-

burgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me.

To appreciate the value of the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the game-laws were horribly oppressive—steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country—prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of political economy were little understood—the law of debt and of conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ I see very little in my reviews to alter or repent of: I always endeavoured to fight against evil, and what I thought evil then, I think evil now. I am heartily glad that all our disqualifying laws for religious opinions are abolished, and I see nothing in such measures but unmixed good and real increase of strength to our establishment. The idea of danger from the extension of the Catholic religion in England I utterly deride. The Catholic faith is a misfortune to the world, but those whose faith it conscientiously is, are quite right in professing it boldly, and promoting it by all means which the law allows. A physician does not say, ‘You will be well as soon as the bile is got rid of;’ but he says, ‘You will not be well until after the bile is got rid of.’ He knows after the cause of the malady is removed, that morbid habits are to be changed, weakness to be supported, organs to be called back to their proper exercise, subordinate maladies to be watched, secondary and vicarious symptoms to be studied. The physician is a wise man—but the anserous politician insists, after 200 years of persecution, and ten of emancipation, that Catholic Ireland should be as quiet as Edmon-ton or Tooting. Not only are just laws wanted for Catholic Ireland, but the just administration of just laws; such as they have in general experienced under the Whig government; and this system steadily persevered in will, after a lapse of time and O’Connell, quiet, conciliate, and civilise that long-injured and irritable people. I have printed in this collection the ‘Letters of Peter Plymley.’ The government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author: I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the Letters in this collection: they had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold. From the beginning of the century (about which time the ‘Review’ began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate:—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the

sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops, made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and, in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted; to say a word against the suticoid delays of the Court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the game-laws, or against any abuse which a rich man inflicted, or a poor man suffered, was treason against the *Plouiscocracy*, and was bitterly and steadily resented. Lord Grey had not then taken off the bearing-rein from the English people, as Sir Francis Head has now done from horses. To set on foot such a Journal in such times, to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate. Strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots; with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our prime minister), which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism. Liberalism is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made; and to my utter and never-ending astonishment, I, an old Edinburgh Reviewer, find myself fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, for the existence of the National Church.

It must be a most gratifying feeling to a person who has influenced the public mind by his writings on many subjects of national interest, to be able to cast a retrospect over his labours, and believe that he has successfully contributed his full share of exertion to the promotion of human happiness. On the whole, we think it impossible that Mr. Smith should not be blessed with this consciousness; for, without speaking of the debatable questions in which he has been a zealous partisan, there are some of general benevolence and justice upon which he has exercised his great abilities with singular efficacy. Such are the subjects of public schools, chimney-sweepers, prisons, counsel for prisoners, &c., on which his reasoning powers have been employed, till the evils attendant upon them have been abated or removed. In other reviews, personal attacks and party politics are not so readily reconcilable to common approbation; but the man who penned them, holding certain opinions which he still continues to hold, will find no weight

upon his conscience in looking back even upon these less agreeable productions. Their nature, and their author's reflections on them, may be gathered from the preface we have just quoted. He religiously rejoices in Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Test Act; he is proud of his share in instigating the alterations in the game-laws; the abolition of the slave-trade; the reforms in the laws of debt and of libel; in prison discipline; in the trial of prisoners; and "a thousand evils" which were in existence when he couched his pen against them.

Perhaps he vaunts a little too much. We are not sure that the Court of Chancery has been so wonderfully improved since Lord Eldon's days; we are not sure that the principles of political economy are much better understood now than they were in the days of Adam Smith; we are not sure that the horrors of the slave-trade and slavery have not been augmented by our humane interference; we are not sure that Ireland is in a happier or more prosperous and secure condition now than when she was the theme of Mr. Smith's lucubrations. The great change seems to be that another political side has turned uppermost; and that, as if born to be in opposition, our spirited divine castigates Liberalism with the same unsparring rod he formerly applied to Toryism. Under these circumstances, and claiming merit for what he has achieved against abuses, it is somewhat contradictory to hear him exclaim, that "not a murmur against any abuse was permitted!" If so, how came he to be heard, to be tolerated, and to prevail. His ears were never nailed to the pillory, nor was one of his fellow-reviewers persecuted, or retarded in their career. Their talents seem, on the contrary, to have fortunately prospered; and lord-chancellors, judges, commissioners, &c. &c., were made out of the set who began by cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal.

Our author himself, though his head has not been fitted to a mitre, whilst many inferior persons have reached that distinction, cannot be called one of the unlucky children of the church. His preferences are, we believe, tolerably snug. Had he written nothing but the essay upon the ballot (now in an eighth edition as a threepenny pamphlet), he would, in our opinion, have deserved a higher national reward than the wealthiest bishopric in the land, which he thus unanswerably tried to save from a universal prostitution of honesty, honour, and morality.

But we are getting out of our depths, and shall only add that the third volume contains that pamphlet; the three admirable Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Letter on the Character of Sir James Mackintosh; Letter to Lord John Russell; Sermon on the Duties of the Queen, and three other sermons; Letter on the Catholic Question; and, above all, the cream of his writings, the famous "Peter Plymley's Letters."

Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice. 12mo. pp. 407. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

FROM the title of this volume we anticipated a satirical history of those preying harpies, whose adventures, in search of practice, are a disgrace to their profession, and a grievous injury to the honest and industrious classes of society. For a country to be priest-ridden is bad, but to be lawyer-ridden is infinitely worse. The former may take a tenth or a twentieth, but the latter gorges the whole; not the tithe-pig alone, but the entire litter, and the mother that bore them, bristles and

all. Look for an illustration of our criminal code at the recent case of the gold-dust robbery: the legal robbery, in bringing the thieves to justice (that is, if they do not yet escape upon some quibble of practice), amounted to as much or more than the first loss. For our politico-legality take a peep at the Carlow election petition; a sifting of more than sixty days, and an expense of above 20,000!! But why instance particular cases?—there is not a day, nor an hour, nor a minute that passes, notwithstanding the late amelioration in the ministering of the laws, that is not publicly marked by the heavy oppression which enthralls, and grinds down, almost every individual and every order of the community; and this is as a feather when compared with the private wrongs and extortions which so universally cripple and plunder the utility and exertions of the people of England. An attorney's letter is more alarming to the active and busy man than the report of a highwayman's pistol; and, indeed, the danger is much greater from the one than from the other. A single shot, and one rifling, may do little mischief; but from the grasp of what is called legal "justice," there is no escape: the wig must follow the hat, and the skin of the victim his coat and shirt.

The work before us presents, on the other side, the view of an Attorney, who pursues direct, and not callous courses. One of the rare birds belonging to the menagerie—a kite without claws, a raven without greediness, a vulture with the breast of a pigeon. That there are such honourable exceptions to the too common rule, we can testify from personal knowledge; but we have also observed too much of the world, and of what is going on around us, not to be equally certain that the greatest curse of the country, in every branch of extortion and laudable pursuits, lies like a pestilence upon it, from the iniquitous and unchecked villany of the lower million of base practitioners. Without strife, they could not live; without rascality, there would be no existence on earth for them. They are the heartless and unproductive consumers of the fruits of others' toil; and wherever misfortune has impeded the hopes of honourable efforts their harvest is found, and they reap it to the last grain of human effort and suffering. The good, and the truly respectable, to whom we have alluded, have one grievous sin to answer for—that they do not combine to cleanse their temple of this pollution, and extirpate from their body the vagabonds whom they know to be guilty of every act of unauthorised swindling and partially authorised extortion. They ought to do so for their own sake; and they could not, by any other means, do so essential a service to the kingdom at large.

Our author illustrates his various positions by anecdotes of clients and causes, some of which are amusing, and all, we think, of a character to be read with advantage, and especially by lawyers; including all who, in popular parlance, go by that appellation. We will now make our selection. In a government action he relates:—

"I was summoned to the Foreign Office. At the end of a long apartment, busily occupied in papers from which he seemed unwilling to take his eye, sat a young man scarcely older than myself, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, with whiskers and moustaches of no common dimensions; they were at that period much less common than at present; his heels were decorated with gilt spurs of extraordinary length; his trousers braided *en militaire*, and in fact his whole costume partook of the

style of military undress. It was not Lord Lyndhurst, then Sir John Copley, though the very next day I recollect meeting this learned solicitor-general, in consultation with his yet more learned colleague, in precisely the same equipment. It was not till long after that I found out the title of my dandy instructor; on this occasion I knew not whether he was lord or commoner, patrician or plebeian, beyond what the locality argued. I had been standing some five minutes or more when he first looked up, eyeing me with a stare compounded of hauteur, scrutiny, and surprise. I thought to myself even then, and very frequently on similar occasions since, how vastly ignorant these great folks are of every thing and every body beyond the circle of their own little world! or it would never enter into their imaginations to conceive that even the most juvenile attorney on the roll would be abashed for a single moment by a supercilious official stare: we should indeed have laboured in vain at judges' chambers, and the master's office, if such petty courtesies of life did not at once secure our self-possession. I never meet with a rude man, especially one who is condescendingly rude, but I immediately vote him vulgar; and vulgar men are below the level of gentility, let their birth or station be what it may, and therefore below mine! By this little syllogism, I can always recall my self-complacency, whatever may be the offence."

This is a good picture of official insolence, and we could be well pleased to believe that the offensive race was extinct; but while, &c. &c. &c. live —! But, to return to our author, he observes:—

"One axiom on the question of costs is so obviously true, that we cannot avoid surprise at our clients so often losing sight of it. If they wish only to pay their attorney like a shoe-black, they will soon have only shoe-blacks for their attorneys. No man can limit himself as to the extent of costs, without cramping his exertions to a degree that may prove highly injurious to his client's interests. The casualties and accidents of litigation are so frequent, and sometimes so expensive, that they occasion more expenditure than even the whole of the proceedings that go on in the accustomed course; and if the cause of action is not of sufficient importance to warrant costs out of the ordinary routine, if necessary, it is wiser and more honest to advise the client to submit to his loss. This maxim must be received *cum grano*, certainly; but in cases where character is not involved, or rights ultra the subject-matter of the litigation, it is invariably true. In ordinary actions to recover debts, or damages for pecuniary injury, the expense resolves itself into mere matter of arithmetical calculation; such actions, however, form by no means the staple commodity in the business of an eminent attorney."

"The casualties of litigation are so numerous and diversified, that it is utterly impossible, unless in the simplest matter, to foretell the expenses. The recent reforms in pleading, by compelling a disclosure of the real defence, have reduced, but not superseded the speculative guesses of the attorney: indeed, in one respect, they have added to the difficulty; because, by success on one issue, and failure on another, a debtor and creditor account of costs is established, the balance of which may, by possibility, be against a plaintiff, though he has been successful on the general merits. It is a very pleasant thing, no doubt, to have to tell your client, 'Oh yes, sir! we have succeeded for you; but instead of receiving costs,

you will have forty or fifty pounds to pay to your opponent.' Independently of this, a hundred accidents may occur, all tending to multiply costs. A witness may be ill, and the record must be withdrawn; a bill for discovery may be advised; an injunction may be obtained by the defendant; a cross-action may be brought; indispensable witnesses may have made a trip to Naples or New York, and must be examined on interrogatories: in a word, so many deviations may, and generally do, occur, that no prudent solicitor will ever insure his client against the amount of costs, unless in the most general, and therefore the most unsatisfactory way. The right answer is, 'If costs are an object, settle your quarrel out of court, as best you may;' and to clients themselves, I may observe, that if an attorney is disposed to be dishonest, no skill can avail them against overcharges; for his charges may be individually reasonable, and even low, but so needlessly frequent, as to make the sum total of his bill nothing less than fraudulent, though none but a brother-attorney can detect the fraud. It is often the case with mean and illiberal clients, that they submit their attorney's bill to another practitioner, unknown to him. Every solicitor should be prepared for this; for I have known too many instances, where, to curry favour with a new acquaintance, or to acquire on easy terms a credit for moderation, an attorney has pronounced severe and mischievous judgment on the costs of his respectable neighbour, though all in the profession would rightly consign the critic himself to the shades of Newgate as an incorrigible thief."

Of the inferior, but not the lowest of the pettifogging tribe, the author says:—

"I am ashamed to say of my brethren, that I know too many among them, the style of whose composition would disgrace a chamber-maid, and the tone of whose manners would exclude them from the butler's pantry. I know not one, however, of this description who has ever attained, or even aspired to a higher rank in it, than that which might be allowed to a sheriff's officer, or a money-lending Jew. Honesty, in the ordinary and limited sense of the term, is generally presumed as a qualification of course, though ill-natured people do say that it is rather an extraordinary professional trait. All, however, are agreed that, to a greater or less extent, according to taste and the character of his business, law, general knowledge, and common honesty, are required in an attorney: but discuss the desirable a little further, and we find the usual definition given of the desiderated animal is that he shall be 'a sharp, clever fellow.' In deference to this favourite notion, I have assumed my *nom de voyage*; yet with the inconsistency of many who travel the Continent as captains and colonels (I know one gallant old gentleman at this moment, who designates himself abroad as 'Monsieur le Colonel,' in virtue of an old uniform to which he had acquired a title under the volunteer system), I am bold enough to say not only that your 'sharp, clever fellows' make your worst attorneys, but that they rarely gain admission to the higher classes of respectable clients: this sounds a little paradoxical, but there is sufficient reason for it. The sort of cleverness which obtains this reputation for an attorney, is to be found in every office on very cheap terms. Every common law or chancery clerk (as a piano that has been practised on for two or three years, arrives at its prime) is after a short probation, pre-eminent for it: and no office of any extent in business is without a

convenient appendage of this kind, whose special duty it is to set snares and catch an opponent tripping: whenever he or his employer is at fault, the pleader or a junior counsel will soon make a skilful cast for the scent. This conflict of wit for petty advantage often occurs among the subordinates of an attorney's office; and where (though that is very seldom) the client reaps any real benefit from it, the principal, by reflected honour from his clerk, is voted a 'sharp and clever fellow.' Among respectable men, however, these paltry contentions are despised, and also discouraged; because they tend to create angry and vindictive feeling, without any counter-balancing advantage, except, perchance, two or three pounds that may be successfully extracted from the pocket of an opponent in the shape of costs, with as much credit, though more safety, than by picking it of a watch and seals. It generally happens that clerks who spend their novitiate in learning this cleverness, pique themselves so much on the acquisition of it, that they learn but little else: and when they enter upon practice on their own account, have no other accomplishment to bring to their aid. Hence their minds degenerate; their business is low, because it is chiefly in low business that such smartness enables them to shine; and even low and vulgar clients very soon discover, that while in the progress of a cause, these 'sharp, clever fellows,' are daily met and defeated by pleaders and counsel, if not by attorneys, as sharp and clever as themselves, their sharpness is frequently turned upon their employers, of whose dulness they can render very profitable account! The truth is, that it is only clients of very doubtful honesty, and who have business to transact which demands the protection of those resources to which knavery alone will stoop, that require the aid of these 'sharp, clever men;' but such clients are not worth having on any terms, and if you have too many of them, you will secure a reputation for cunning and address that will keep more respectable connexions at a respectful distance. If I were asked to define the professional character to which I should most willingly trust myself, in an affair of delicacy or importance, involved in intricate details of circumstance, and entangled, perhaps, with much of personal and private feeling, I should select a man distinguished by calm energy, a clear head, and sound common sense: in addition to this, he were gifted with a cheerful disposition, and marked, not by fastidious delicacy of mind, but by that enlarged honesty which is usually intended by 'honourable principle,' I should consider that he possessed the finest qualities for a useful attorney. Of course there are not many who come up to this standard; but in proportion as they approach it, and as the general nature of their business implies that they keep it constantly in view, a client may consider himself safe in their hands."

"I only wish to explain how it happens, that in a profession which is now justly esteemed a liberal one, and in which we daily meet with men well qualified to adorn any rank of life, we should yet more frequently fall in with others whose manners would exclude them from our servants' hall, and whose characters would compel us to count our spoons, if by any accident they gained admission there. It is but too true that we have among us a large body of adventurers, who have little education, less principle, and neither capital nor connexion. It is probable that, in some instances, their friends have selected them

for attorneys, because they have exhibited a predilection for that speculative inquiry into the rights of property which, by a more summary process, leads those who have no relatives to the gallows. There are various ways by which these adventurers contrive to work out a livelihood in a 'respectable' manner. The secret of their art is to establish a familiar acquaintance with any humble class, where the ceremony of special introduction is of small account, and, in the words of the play, to 'push it as far it will go.' There are many classes of this description daily to be found in our crowded metropolis; and all of them, either from their helpless ignorance, or dishonest pursuits, stand in daily need of 'a professional adviser.' Among the helpless, may be enumerated the thoughtless sailor just returned from sea—the inferior tradesman trembling on the verge of bankruptcy—the pigeon who, after plucking, hesitates between reform and desperation—the ruined spendthrift, but expectant heir—and yet more frequently the beggared gentleman, that prefers enjoying his last hundred within the prison walls to dividing it among fifty creditors at the rate of sixpence in the pound. The dishonest class is, perhaps, less accessible, but far more profitable: it consists of cent-per-cent money-lenders and annuity-mongers; of brokers who will discount a six months' bill on the security of a watch or a well-secured post-obit; hell-proprietors and blacklegs of Regent Street and St. James's; swindlers of the turf; smugglers by profession; 'fences' of the lanes and alleys of the town, including of course nine-tenths of the pawnbrokers and dealers in marine stores; and finally, all the thieves and pickpockets in the bills of mortality.

"There is still another class of legal adventurers who are a scale higher in the estimation of the world, but with very little higher merit; they are men who prowl about for bad debts and dishonoured bills: they call on tradesmen of the better order at Midsummer or Christmas, as punctually as the tax-gatherers, and inquire the extent of bad and doubtful debts in their ledger: they buy them up according to circumstances, and obtain a rich harvest, if they can purchase five or six hundred pounds due from a score of customers, at five shillings in the pound; twenty actions are thus secured, and as many writs issued on returning to office; in half they recover nothing but the costs; if in the remaining ten they can manage to average ten shillings in the pound, they are indemnified for the purchase-money, and pocket the costs of twenty actions by the adventure, besides the frequent chance of being incidentally introduced to some half-ruined man, who wants an attorney's aid to get white-washed by bankruptcy, or the insolvent court. Thus I have explained the character of those whom I exclude from the 'respectable' class of my profession, whatever others may call them; and these are the attorneys of whom I always feel a painful anxiety to get quit as soon as decency will allow; but some address is required to manage one's intercourse with them, when driven by necessity into communication. There is one peculiarity of disposition inseparable from such fellows. They invariably try to snap some advantage at your personal cost, and if they fail, they uniformly pick a quarrel about nothing: so certainly is it the case, that, in common with all my liberal brethren, I am accustomed to infer the quality of a man's clients by the 'sharpness' of his practice, as it is termed; and I set him down for an Old Bailey attorney as a matter of course, if I find

him grasping at undue advantage, or losing his temper in the attempt: a coarse, bullying manner, and disingenuous disposition, may be fairly assumed to indicate the accustomed associate of thieves and blacklegs; they always do with me, and it is one of the few points on which I have never found myself mistaken."

There are some curious disclosures of domestic disputes and family arrangements (and one extremely interesting tale of a gambler's decoy wife); but we must sum up, and, instead of our own words, give one remark of the author which is worthy of notice:—

"Of all witnesses in an honest cause, an intelligent child is the best. Of all witnesses, in any cause, a woman is the worst, unless she happens to be very pretty and engaging; and then she will answer the purpose, whatever it be, most successfully."

A Greek Lexicon to the New Testament, on the Basis of Dr. Robinson's; designed for Junior Students in Divinity, and the Higher Classes in Schools. By Charles Robson, Τροφῆς. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

"ANOTHER Greek Lexicon to the New Testament!" we mentally exclaimed, as we read the title-page of this beautiful, well-crammed volume. "Why, we have within a few months had no fewer than three editions of this same work of Dr. Robinson's: it is a very good book; but surely there cannot be such a demand for it, or we shall indeed be a learned public, and outstrip even Germany itself—that land of philological prodigies." Thus we mused; but, on turning to the book in our hand, we found (as sometimes happens even with Us) that we were getting on too fast, the two works being intended for totally distinct classes of students. In the Preface it is stated that Dr. Robinson's "work is suited rather to the advanced scholar than to the young divinity-student, or to the youth in the higher classes of our public schools; for whose use," says Mr. Robson, "no adequate Lexicon to the New Testament has hitherto been provided,—a want which the present book is intended to supply. It appeared to the editor (he continues), that taking Dr. Robinson's work as his basis, and rejecting such portions of it as are of least utility to young students, he might produce a book deserving the title of a *School-Lexicon to the Greek Testament*;" and this he has most fully accomplished.

That there has hitherto been a deeply felt and frequently expressed desire for such a book as the present, will be readily allowed by all who are conversant with the wants of young readers of the Greek Testament; and that Mr. R. has employed most successful diligence and pains upon this work, will be evident upon the most superficial examination. We do not think it can be needful at the present day to shew, that even a good general Greek lexicon must be a very bad and insufficient one for the New Testament: for when we consider the nature of the subjects treated, and the intellectual history of the men by whom they were treated, it will be plain, on the one hand, that the Greek language, as used by classic writers, had no words to express many of the ideas which the evangelical writers had to convey, and that, therefore, though they seldom coined new words, yet they were often obliged to modify, and sometimes entirely change, the meaning of those already in use; and, on the other hand, that men who were Jews, and had learned Greek only orally (a corrupt dialect of the Hebrew being their native tongue), when they wrote

it, would employ constructions, &c., unknown to the classic language: and such we find to be the case. Any one may easily satisfy himself of this fact by examining such words as αἰών, ἀμαρτία, δίδωμι, δῖος, λόγος, πνῆμα, ἰς, εἰς, διὰ, &c. &c. To understand the Greek Testament, therefore, it is essential that such peculiarities should be explained. For learned readers, and those who can compare the Hebrew locutions from which they have been drawn, various lexicons exist; but for those as yet unacquainted with Scripture criticism, no sufficient aid had been afforded, until attempted in the present work. Not only does it very fully discuss all such modes of expression and construction as are traceable to the Hebrew; but it is unusually copious on the particles, which have, as was to be expected, been most affected by Hebraisms. It is rich in phrases, literally translating and expounding all that occur in the New Testament. Not the least novel and interesting feature in the work are the neat, compressed, yet satisfactory notices of remarkable places and persons mentioned in the New Testament; and we may add, that the insertion of the grammatical inflection of all the proper names will not be without value and utility to the student; for though some of them are peculiar and unusual in their formation (see *Moses*, &c.), yet they have hitherto been almost entirely excluded from works of this class.

We conclude by heartily wishing success to this Lexicon; assured that by so doing we are wishing success to the great cause of enlightened and rational Scriptural interpretation, and to the diffusion of a more thorough knowledge of the New Testament Greek than has hitherto been possessed save by the learned few. Other great recommendations are the form and price; both rendering the *Lexicon* peculiarly fit and eligible for its purposed uses.

Captain Marryat's America.

[Third notice.]

ON looking to the separate Essays with which Captain Marryat follows up his groundwork of the Diary, we are arrested at the very first step by that which treats of the colloquial language of America. His illustrations of this subject are very entertaining; and, for variety's sake, we will transcribe a few of them. He tells us:

"I recollect once talking with one of the first men of America, who was narrating to me the advantages which might have accrued to him if he had followed up a certain speculation, when he said, 'Sir, if I had done so, I should not only have doubled and trebled, but I should have fourbled and fivebled my money.' One of the members of Congress once said, 'What the honourable gentleman has just asserted I consider as catamount to a denial'—(catamount is the term given to a panther or lynx). 'I presume,' replied his opponent, 'that the honourable gentleman means tantamount.' 'No, sir, I do not mean tantamount; I am not so ignorant of our language, not to be aware that catamount and tantamount are synonymous.' The Americans dwell upon their words when they speak—a custom arising, I presume, from their cautious, calculating habits; and they have always more or less of a nasal twang. I once said to a lady, 'Why do you draw out your words in that way?' 'Well,' replied she, 'I'd draw all the way from Maine to Georgia, rather than clip my words as you English people do.' Many English words are used in a very different sense from that which we attach to them: for instance,—a clever person in America means an

amiable, good-tempered person; and the Americans make the distinction by saying, I mean English clever. Our clever is represented by the word smart. The verb to admire is also used in the east, instead of the verb to like. 'Have you ever been at Paris?' 'No; but I should admire to go.' A Yankee description of a clever woman:—'Well, now, she'll walk right into you, and talk to you like a book; or, as I have heard them say, 'she'll talk you out of sight.' The word ugly is used for cross, ill-tempered. 'I did feel so ugly when he said that.' Bad is used in an odd sense: it is employed for awkward, uncomfortable, sorry:—'I did feel so bad when I read that'—'awkward.' 'I have felt quite bad about it ever since'—'uncomfortable.' 'She was so bad, I thought she would cry'—'sorry.' And as bad is tantamount to not good, I have heard a lady say, 'I don't feel at all good, this morning.' Mean is occasionally used for ashamed. 'I never felt so mean in my life.' The word handsome is oddly used. 'We reckon this very handsome scenery, sir,' said an American to me, pointing to the landscape. 'I consider him very truthful,' is another expression. 'He stimulates too much.' 'He dissipates awfully.' And they are very fond of using the noun as a verb, as—'I suspicion that's a fact.' 'I opinion quite the contrary.' The word considerable is in considerable demand in the United States. In a work in which the letters of the party had been given to the public as specimens of good style and polite literature, it is used as follows:—'My dear sister, I have taken up the pen early this morning, as I intend to write considerable.' The word great is oddly used for fine, splendid. 'She's the greatest gal in the whole Union.' But there is one word which we must surrender up to the Americans as their very own, as the children say. I will quote a passage from one of their papers:—'The editor of the "Philadelphia Gazette" is wrong in calling absquatulated a Kentucky phrase (he may well say phrase instead of word). It may prevail there, but its origin was in South Carolina, where it was a few years since regularly derived from the Latin, as we can prove from undoubted authority. By the way, there is a little corruption in the word as the "Gazette" uses it, absquatulized is the true reading.' Certainly a word worth quarrelling about! 'Are you cold, miss?' said I to a young lady, who pulled the shawl closer over her shoulders. 'Some,' was the reply. The English what? implying that you did not hear what was said to you, is changed in America to the word how? 'I reckon,' 'I calculate,' 'I guess,' are all used as the common English phrase, 'I suppose.' Each term is said to be peculiar to different States, but I found them used every where, one as often as the other. 'I opine,' is not so common. A specimen of Yankee dialect and conversation:—'Well now, I'll tell you—you know Marble Head?' 'Guess I do.' 'Well, then, you know Sally Hackett.' 'No, indeed.' 'Not know Sally Hackett? Why she lives at Marble Head.' 'Guess I don't.' 'You don't mean to say that?' 'Yes, indeed.' 'And you really don't know Sally Hackett?' 'No, indeed.' 'I guess you've heard talk of her?' 'No, indeed.' 'Well, that's considerable odd. Now, I'll tell you—Ephrim Bagg, he that has the farm three miles from Marble Head—just as—but now, are you sure you don't know Sally Hackett?' 'No, indeed.' 'Well, he's a pretty substantial man, and no mistake. He has got a heart as big as an ox, and every thing else in proportion, I've a notion. He loves Sal, the worst kind: and if she gets up there, she'll think she

has got to Palestine (Paradise): arn't she a screamer? I were thinking of Sal myself, for I feel lonesome, and when I am thrown into my store promiscuous alone, I can tell you I have the blues, the worst kind, no mistake—I can tell you that. I always feel a kind o' queer when I sees Sal, but when I meet any of the other gals I am as calm and cool as the milky way, &c. &c. The verb 'to fix' is universal. It means to do any thing. 'Shall I fix your coat or your breakfast first?' that is, 'Shall I brush your coat, or get ready your breakfast first?' Right away, for immediately, or at once, is very general. 'Shall I fix it right away?'—i. e. 'Shall I do it immediately?' In the west, when you stop at an inn, they say—'What will you have? Brown meal and common doings, or white wheat and chicken fixings?'—that is, 'Will you have pork and brown bread, or white bread and fried chicken?' Also, 'Will you have a feed or a check?'—A dinner or a luncheon? 'In full blast'—something in the extreme. 'When she came to meeting, with her yellow hat and feathers, was'n't she in full blast?' But for more specimens of genuine Yankee, I must refer the reader to Sam Slick and Major Downing, and shall now proceed to some further peculiarities. There are two syllables—*um*, *hu*—which are very generally used by the Americans as a sort of reply, intimating that they are attentive, and that the party may proceed with his narrative: but, by inflection and intonation, these two syllables are made to express dissent or assent, surprise, disdain, and (like Lord Burleigh's nod in the play) a great deal more. The reason why these two syllables have been selected is, that they can be pronounced without the trouble of opening your mouth, and you may be in a state of listlessness and repose whilst others talk. I myself found them very convenient at times, and gradually got into the habit of using them. The Americans are very local in their phrases, and borrow their similes very much from the nature of their occupations and pursuits. If you ask a Virginian or Kentuckian where he was born, he will invariably tell you that he was raised in such a country—the term applied to horses, and in breeding states, to men also. When a man is tipsy (spirits being made from grain), they generally say he is corned. In the west, where steam-navigation is so abundant, when they ask you to drink, they say, 'Stranger, will you take in wood?'—the vessels taking in wood as fuel to keep the steam up, and the person taking in spirits to keep his steam up. The roads in the country being cut through woods, and the stumps of the trees left standing, the carriages are often brought up by them. Hence the expression of, 'Well, I am stumped this time.' I heard a young man, a farmer in Vermont, say, when talking about another having gained the heart of a pretty girl, 'Well, how he contrived to fork into her young affections, I can't tell; but I've a mind to put my whole team on, and see if I can't run him off the road.' The old phrase of 'straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,' is, in the Eastern States, rendered 'straining at a gate, and swallowing a saw-mill.' To strike means to attack. 'The Indians have struck on the frontier.'—'A rattlesnake struck at me.' To make tracks—to walk away. 'Well, now, I shall make tracks.'—from foot-tracks in the snow. Clear out, quit, and put—all mean 'be off.' 'Captain, now, you hush or put'—that is, 'Either hold your tongue, or be off.' Also, 'Will you shut, mister?'—i. e. Will you shut your mouth?

i. e. Hold your tongue? 'Curl up'—to be angry—from the panther and other animals when angry raising their hair. 'Rise my dander up,' from the human hair; and a nasty idea. 'Wrathy' is another common expression. Also, 'Savage as a meat-axe.' Here are two real American words:—'Sloping'—for slinking away; 'Splunging,' like a porpoise.

But one of the strangest perversions of the meaning of a word which I ever heard of is in Kentucky, where sometimes the word nasty is used for nice. For instance: at a rustic dance in that State a Kentuckian said to an acquaintance of mine, in reply to his asking the name of a very fine girl, 'That's my sister, stranger; and I flatter myself that she shows the nastiest ankle in all Kentuck.'

I must not omit a specimen of American criticism:—'Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genus, Mister Forrest?' 'Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think he piled the agony up a little too high in that last scene.' The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for 'cheating'—'playing the advantages over him.' But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce. The rest, or remainder, is usually termed the balance. 'Put some of those apples into a dish, and the balance into the store-room.' When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculation, they say, 'You missed a figure that time.' In a skirmish last war, the fire from the British was very severe, and the men in the American ranks were falling fast, when one of the soldiers stepped up to the commanding officer and said, 'Colonel, don't you think that we might compromise this affair?' 'Well, I reckon I should have no objection to submit it to arbitration myself,' replied the colonel. Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning; 'Not much,' was the reply, 'I've only realised this umbrella.'

There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable. 'Well, I reckon, that from his teeth to his toe-nail, there's not a human of a more conquering nature than General Jackson.' One gentleman said to me, 'I wish I had all hell boiled down to a pint, just to pour down your throat.'

From the next essay, on Credit, and that on Penitentiaries, we offer no comment. Of the Army, to which another paper is addressed, Captain M. states that it consists of 7834, including all ranks, and is not a favourite service. The privates are chiefly Irish emigrants, Germans, and English deserters from Canada.

There is not much discipline, and occasionally a great deal of insolence, as might be expected from such a collection. Corporal punishment has been abolished in the American army, except for desertion; and if ever there was a proof of the necessity of punishment to enforce discipline, it is the many substitutes in lieu of it, to which the officers are compelled to resort—all of them more severe than flogging. The most common is that of lording a man with thirty-six pounds of shot in his knapsack, and making him walk three hours out of four, day and night without intermission, with this weight on his shoulders, for six days and six nights; that is, he is compelled to walk three hours with the weight, and then is suffered to sit down one. Towards the close this punishment becomes very severe; the feet of the men are so sore and swelled, that they

cannot move for some days afterwards. I inquired what would be the consequence if a man were to throw down his knapsack and refuse to walk. The commanding-officer of one of the forts replied, that he would be hung up by his thumbs till he fainted—a variety of piquetting. Surely these punishments savour quite as much of severity, and are quite as degrading as flogging.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. Being former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of New Blood for general Circulation. 8vo. pp. 568. London, 1839. Baily and Co.

WE had intended to have entered at some length into the contents of this volume so full of curious, peculiar, and original humour; but like its author, though not with so irresistible an excuse as his, of bad health, we have deferred it so long, that, even were it a perennial, instead of a bouquet of *Annals*, we should be in the lateness of winter with any remarks we could now offer. Still it is our pleasant duty to state that it is a publication *vis generis*, and one that must yield continual amusement to the lovers of fun and the admirers of wit. Nor is it a production, the whim and jocularity of which evaporate with the hour. It is a book to be taken up from time to time, and perused again and again with renewed gratification; and many of its points are so droll, and yet so recondite, that they are not all caught at a first or even second perusal. Unlike most performances of its kind, *Hood's Own* will entertain not only contemporaries, but posterity; and is so sterling in its grotesque views, that Hudibras himself will not be so generally understood and appreciated at the same distance of date. It is, in short, a comic library of text and embellishment; and ought to have a berth on every shelf, where we may turn for something to beguile the hour and drive away tedium or melancholy.

Fardorougha, the Miser; or, the Convicts of Lismore. By W. Carleton, author of "Tales of Ireland," "Traits," &c. Pp. 468. Dublin, 1839. Curry, jun. and Co.

THIS very characteristic and interesting tale has appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine," which, consequently, takes it out of the English pale of criticism. All we need say is, that it is worthy of the talents of the author; the characters drawn from and to the life; and the whole an excellent picture of the country of its birth.

Precaution: a Novel. By the Author of the "Spy," "Red Rover," &c. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE seventy-fourth of Bentley's Standard Novels, with a very whimsical frontispiece and appropriate vignette, by J. Cawse. The text has also received Mr. Cooper's revision.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 6th July.—The Rev. H. Richardson, M.A. of Trinity College, was admitted *audientem*.

The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—T. A. Whitter, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; Rev. S. F. Dickson, Brasenose College; Rev. S. A. Fyler, Trinity College; Rev. J. Walker, Fellow of Wadham College.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. A. F. Fitz-Wygram, Christ Church.

Bachelor in Music.—G. F. Flowers, Lincoln College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Anglo-Saxon Literature.

In our last we copied as much as we could on the subject of Anglo-Saxon Riddles, &c.; but

some illustrations yet remain, and Mr. Wright has furnished us with much curious research on this very popular branch of inquiry.

"The following, for example, seems to give us the first traces of that doughty hero, John Barleycorn, so famous in the days of ballad-singing."

The Saxon version may be dispensed with, as the subjoined is a literal translation:—

"A part of the earth is prepared beautifully, with the hardest, and with the sharpest, and with the grimmest, of the productions of men, cut and turned and dried, bound and twisted, bleached and awakened, ornamented and poured out, carried afar to the doors of people, it is joy in the inside of living creatures, it knocks and slights those, of whom before while alive a long while it obeys the will, and expostulateth not, and then after death it takes upon it to judge, to talk variously. It is greatly to seek by the wisest man, what this creature is."

"The subject of another seems to be the aurelia of the butterfly, and its transformations; by which it would appear that our forefathers were, at times, diligent observers of nature:—

"I saw tread over the turf ten in all, six brothers, and their sisters with them, they had a living soul; they hanged their skins, openly and manifestly on the wall of the hall, to any one of them all it was none the worse, nor his side the sorer, although they should thus be covered, [and] awakened by the might of the guardian of the skies, bite with their mouths the rough leaves; clothing is renewed to those who before coming forth let their ornaments lie in their track, to depart over the earth."

"The Anglo-Saxons were especially partial to riddles founded on Scripture, thinking, perhaps, that they exhibited in solving them their acquaintance with the Sacred Volume. The subject of the following must be the patriarch Lot and his two daughters and their sons:—

"There sat a man at his wine, with his two wives, and his two sons, and his two daughters, own sisters, and their two sons, comely first-born children; the father was there of each one of the noble ones, with the uncle and the nephew: there were five in all men and women sitting there."

"Of the next, it is not so easy to give a probable solution:—

"I am a wonderful creature, I may not speak a word, nor converse before men, though I have a mouth, with a spacious belly: I was in a ship, with more of my race."

We come now to the cosmographical notions and popular errors of our Saxon ancestors:—

"The world, in the larger sense of the word (*mundus, wêrld*), was designated among the Anglo-Saxons by a name borrowed from their old mythological ideas, *middan-geard*, or the middle yard or region, which was afterwards gradually corrupted into the old English word 'middle-earth.' 'All that is within the firmament,' says the tract just mentioned, 'is called middan-geard, or the world. The firmament is the ethereal heaven, adorned with many stars; the heaven, and sea, and earth, are called the world. The firmament is perpetually turning round about us, under this

"This riddle affords us an example how certain ideas run through the popular literature of different nations at all periods. M. Jubinal, in his 'Nouveau Recueil de Contes, Dits, Fabliaux,' &c. (vol. i. 8vo. Paris, 1839), p. 281, has pointed an early French fabliau, 'Le Martyre de Saint Bacchus,' where the god of the vine takes the place of Sir John Barleycorn, just as the juice of the grape in the country where it was composed occupies the place of the liquor of which the English hero was a personification.

"This riddle is curious, as exhibiting a repetition of rhyming words, like those which have been attempted by some of the lighter poets of the present day. Single lines of this kind are not uncommon scattered over the Anglo-Saxon poetry of the best age, as 'wide and side' (*wide and bread*), in *Beowulf* and *Cædmon*; 'blowan and growan' (to blossom and to grow) in the Ex. MS. fol. 109, r.; &c. We find sometimes three such rhyming words, as 'fôd blôd ge-wôd' (blood pervaded the blood), *Cædmon*, p. 207. In the Exeter MS. there is one whole poem (which was published by Conybeare), written entirely in rhymes of the most fantastic description. The whole of these verses are extremely obscure and difficult to understand,—a proof that rhyme was a great trial of the ingenuity of the writer, and by no means congenial to the language."

earth and above, and there is an incalculable space between it and the earth. Four and twenty hours have passed, that is one day and one night, before it is once turned round, and all the stars which are fixed in it turn round with it. The earth stands in the centre, by God's power so fixed, that it never swerves either higher or lower than the Almighty Creator, who holds all things without labour, established it. Every sea, although it be deep, has its bottom on the earth, and the earth supports all seas, and the ocean, and all fountains and rivers run through it; as the veins lie in a man's body, so lie the veins of water throughout the earth.' The north and south stars, as we are told in another place, of which the latter is never seen by men, are fixed, and are the poles of the axis on which the firmament turns. Falling stars are igneous sparks thrown from the constellations, like sparks that fly from coals in the fire. The earth itself 'resembles a pine-nut, and the sun glides about it, by God's ordinance, and on the end where it shines it is day by means of the sun's light, whilst the end which it leaves is covered with darkness until it return again.' The writer of this treatise, in one or two instances, mentions and confutes what appeared then to the learned to be the popular errors of their age, such as that of 'some unlearned priests' who said that leap-year had been caused by Joshua when he made the sun stand still. The priests, it will be observed, are frequently the butt of the sneers of the scholars in the tenth century. Such were the notions inculcated by the popular scientific books among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, many of them erroneous in themselves, but at the same time consonant with the doctrines of the greatest scholars who had preceded, or who were contemporary. The range, however, of these books must have been narrow, in comparison with the mass of the people who were uninstructed. The ideas adopted by the latter were far more erroneous, and were often the mere legends of the popular mythology, as we see by such writings as the dialogues of Saturn and Salomon, and Adrian and Rithaus, which were probably intended for recitation among the common people. In the latter of these dialogues, to the question, 'How large is the sun?' the reply is, 'Larger than the earth;' and this is deduced from the circumstance that it shines on all parts of the earth. The spherical form of our planet was universally acknowledged, although it was erroneously placed in the centre of the system. An early Latin writer compares the universe to an egg, in which the earth is the yolk, with the sea surrounding it resembling the white of the egg, while the firmament, supposed to be inclosed in fire, is the shell.* It is doubtful, however, if it were not the most common impression that this round mass on which we live swam in the water, that the part we inhabit and know was a small portion of the surface which stood above the waves, and that the sun dived into the ocean each evening, and arose out of it on the following morn. The ideas which the Anglo-Saxons held with regard to that portion of the earth which was then believed to be alone habitable, were derived indirectly or immediately from the writings of the ancients; and they were on the whole more correct than might be expected. Their maps were undoubtedly made after

* "In an English poem of the thirteenth century, in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 133, we have the following definition of the earth,—

'Urthe is amide the see, a lute (little) bal and round.'"

Roman models. A map of the tenth century, in the British Museum, accompanies the *Periegesis* of Priscian,* which, with the slight sketch given by Orosius, and the work of Solinus, were the chief authorities in geography. Books of cosmography were sought eagerly at an early period,† and we need not be surprised if their popularity depended most frequently on the number of wonderful relations which they contained. The stories of this kind given by Pliny the Elder, and reproduced by Solinus, were the foundation of all the extravagant fables concerning the wonders of distant lands which were so widely prevalent during the middle ages; but the vague manner in which these writers spoke of them was not enough for the curiosity of the multitude, and the outline they furnished was soon filled up in spurious works, like the famous letter of Alexander the Great to his preceptor Aristotle, in which the conqueror of the East describes minutely all the monsters of India. This tract must have been written at an early period, for we find an Anglo-Saxon translation of it, with some other pieces of a similar kind, in manuscripts of the tenth century.‡ We find the Anglo-Saxons at an early period distinguished by the same spirit of adventure, which has been so active and fruitful among their descendants. They were anxious to explore the distant countries, whose existence had been made known to them by the books which the missionaries imported. Even so early as the seventh century they were in the habit of going to Rome by sea, a voyage in which the pilgrims necessarily incurred many perils. At the end of this century, a Frankish bishop, named Arculf, who was returning from the Holy Land, and had visited Constantinople, Damascus, and Alexandria in Egypt, as well as many of the islands of the Mediterranean, was thrown by bad weather on the western coasts of England, where he became acquainted with the abbot Adamnan. The latter carefully stored up the information which the traveller communicated to him, and afterwards committed it to writing in a treatise which is still preserved. It is probable, indeed, from many circumstances, that the Anglo-Saxons themselves made frequent visits, not only to Italy, but also to the East. King Alfred, who in this, as in other things, merited well the character given him by historians of being 'a diligent investigator of unknown things' (*ignotarum rerum investigationi soleriter se jungebat*), sent Sigheilm, bishop of Sherburn, in 883, to India, to visit the scene of the labours of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew; and Sigheilm not only reached in safety this distant land, but he brought back with him many of its productions, and particularly some gems and relics which were still preserved in his church in the time of William of Malmesbury. The present day cannot furnish a more intelligent account of a voyage of discovery, than that taken down by Alfred from the mouths of Othhere and Wulfstan, one of whom had sailed to the North Cape, and the other along the northern shores of the Baltic, and which that

monarch has inserted in his own version of Orosius. The map of the tenth century, mentioned above, is far more correct than the generality of maps which we find in old manuscripts at a later period; its chief inaccuracy lies in the distorted shape given to Africa, which is here a long narrow slip of land running out from east to west; but the coasts of India and Eastern Asia are not ill defined; there are few of the fabulous indications which appear afterwards in this part of the world; and Paradise does not occupy the place of the isles of Japan, as it did after the voyage of St. Brendan became popular in the twelfth century."

FINE ARTS.

WELLINGTON MILITARY MONUMENT.

At a meeting of the General Committee, held on Friday the 12th, His Grace the Duke of Rutland in the chair, and attended by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Richmond; the Marquesses of Downshire, Londonderry, and Tavistock; Lords Jersey, Aberdeen, Liverpool, Palmerston, Lake, Hill, Forrester, and Colborne; Sirs G. Cockburn, S. R. Lushington, R. Fitz-Wygram, H. Halford, A. Cooper, F. Trench, J. L. Lushington, J. Dallas; Mr. J. Wilson Croker, Major Smith, Dr. Croly, and Messrs. Simpson and Rainbow; the proceedings relating to this National Monument were, we rejoice to say, brought to a harmonious and satisfactory arrangement.

A colossal bust of the hero of Waterloo, modelled by Mr. Wyatt, was in the room; and must, we imagine, have contributed greatly to this result; for it is not only an admirable likeness, but one of the noblest works of art that any time or country has produced.

The discussion which took place has been reported at full length in the "*Morning Post*." From it, we observe, that the Duke of Richmond, and two or three other members of the committee, entertained an opinion that it was desirable to offer the design to general competition; but the position in which the matter stood, in consequence of antecedent resolutions, legitimately carried and confirmed, being referred to, and other explanations given by the chairman, Lord Londonderry, Sir F. Trench, Mr. Croker, &c., it was unanimously agreed to ratify the nomination of Mr. Wyatt, to perform this great work; and the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, concurred in the general sentiment, that they would now cordially promote the subscription, and do every thing in their power to ensure the immediate execution of the Equestrian Statue, to be placed on the arch at Hyde Park Corner. To this, therefore, no further obstacle can now be anticipated, as her majesty and her ministers have already sanctioned it, and only reserved the proper privilege of having the model submitted for their approbation.

As the affair is thus happily disposed of, we shall say nothing of the expediency of public competition, except that we should have thought the Nelson Testimonial enough to surfeit any appetite for that sort of election. On the question of the fitness of the Arch to receive and exhibit to advantage a work of this description, as it is a case of mere taste, we should be sorry to offer a dogmatic opinion. But we are strongly fortified in our judgment that it is peculiarly adapted for the purpose: *first*, by the sentiments of so accomplished a critic as Lord Aberdeen; and *secondly*, by personally knowing years ago (long before this tribute was ever thought of) that the architect, Mr.

Decimus Burton, the most competent individual in existence to decide on its propriety, held such an addition to be essential to the beauty and finish of his own graceful erection. As an instance that coming events may cast their shadows before, it is a curious anecdote that Mr. Burton and Mr. Wyatt happened to meet for the first time at our table; and the projected monument to the memory of King George III. happening to be one of the topics of conversation, it was agreed how excellent it would be if this very arch could be surmounted, in the manner now about to be done, by an equestrian statue of that monarch, or a quadriga bearing him in triumph. What was thought applicable to a great king, may not be inappropriately devoted to his greatest subject; and if ever such honour was deserved, it is due to

The Immortal Wellington!

The Daguerrotype.—M. Arago's report has been published, but contains little that has not already appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. He touches first on the discovery of the camera by Porta, the introduction of the single lens, and the invention of the achromatic. He then proceeds to analyse the various preparations of silver which have been employed in photogenic drawing, and winds up with the immense advantage of the Daguerrotype for copying Eastern monuments, inscriptions, &c., without, however, disclosing what is the substance employed in preparing the plates, and only stating that it is a *reactive* of much greater sensibility than any hitherto employed. He also alluded to the importance of the discovery, which he contended was proved by the avidity with which the subject has been taken up by other nations, and the trifling pretext* they had seized to establish their priority of invention.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington.—We have been to see a full-length portrait of His Grace, painted by J. Lucas for the Corporation of the Trinity House, and about to be engraved by H. Cousins (for Mr. Boys, at whose residence it remains on view). The Duke is painted as Master of the Trinity House, in a solid and clever manner. The arms are folded, the attitude simple, and the likeness good. Altogether it is a simple and characteristic performance, and literally of the life size. It does great credit to the artist's talents as a painter, who already stands high as an engraver.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Hammond, the lessee of the Strand Theatre, which he has conducted with much spirit and propriety, has, it is stated, taken Drury Lane for the ensuing season.

Covent Garden Theatre.—This theatre closed on Tuesday with the triumphant play of *Henry V.*, and the house crammed to the ceiling. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Macready addressed the audience in a most feeling and impressive manner, slightly and respectfully touched upon his effort on behalf of the drama, acknowledged the support he had received, and, without casting a reflection upon any party whatever, noticed the termination of his managerial career in consequence of the proprietors not acceding to the terms he considered himself justified in offering them. The applause was tremendous, and the stage was almost

* M. Arago is always sufficiently national, and partial to the claims of his own country and countrymen. In this instance he is evidently unjust to the claims of others; and even more French than usual.—Ed. L. G.

* "MS. Cotton. Tiber. B. v. fol. 56, v°."

† "Bonifac. Epist. p. 111. Some person writes to Bishop Lulla,—Ceterum libri cosmographicorum necdum nobis ad manum venerunt: nec alla apud nos exemplaria, nisi picturæ et litterarum permoles." The latter part of the sentence is curious, though at present not quite clear."

‡ "The Anglo-Saxon version of Aristotle's letter is found MS. Cotton. Vitell. A. xv., along with Beowulf and Judith. It is preceded by an Anglo-Saxon tract on the wonders of the East, which occurs again in Anglo-Saxon and Latin in MS. Cott. Tiberius B. v.; in both places accompanied by drawings of a very extraordinary kind, and, in the latter MS. many of them executed in a style much superior to the generality of Anglo-Saxon pictures."

literally covered with flowers and chaplets flung upon it from every quarter.

Whatever the causes, we sincerely lament that Covent Garden and the country of Shakspeare have been deprived of the services of Mr. Macready; and at the very period when they had produced their effect upon the public. So accustomed had we become to trickery, falsehood, and disgraceful practices in every thing connected with the great theatres, that even the high individual character of this gentleman was insufficient, at his offset, to obtain the confidence he sought for his professions. It has taken nearly two years to convince the world, that a manager could honourably and punctiliously fulfil every engagement he made, redeem every pledge he gave, conduct himself liberally towards his professional associates, and renounce, no matter at what sacrifice or loss, every custom which could bring censure or disrepute upon the theatre of which he had purchased the control. We cannot but think it short-sighted policy to have stopped this tide of well-doing. Without venturing to say a word upon those who may be Mr. Macready's successors, either immediately or hereafter, it appears to us, that far more permanent advantages were likely to accrue to all concerned from his continuing, with all the improvements and the high reputation he had established, than from any change that could take place. But, putting private and proprietary considerations out of the question, those who enjoy patent rights, and are protected by monopolies, owe a duty to the public; and, seeing the stage not only redeemed from infamy, but set on a higher and firmer footing than before, nothing short of necessity ought to have induced the risk of another fall into the abyss of corrupt speculation and beggary.

Come what may, Mr. Macready has solved the problem which was despaired of; and proved that the drama need not be lost to England, unless betrayed by those under whose auspices it may be placed. He has fought a noble fight, and achieved not only a glorious personal triumph, but a national victory, which has delivered us, as a people, from a great literary and moral reproach, disgraceful to the genius that lives amongst us, and to the land which gave birth to Shakspeare.

To-day he is to be entertained at a public dinner;* and the royal, noble, and enlightened, concur in bearing testimony to his high deserts on the occasion. A ridiculous notion has been broached, that because many of the stewards and leading persons whose names have been advertised happen to belong to the ministerial party, that there are some political ingredients mixed up with this tribute. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the truth; and numbers of distinguished men, holding the opposite opinions in the staunchest spirit, are hastening to demonstrate their sense of the merit of the individual, and of the singular service he has performed for the most important of all national amusements, by his generosity, judgment, devotedness, and talent. He has justly won the wreath which binds his brow, and the approbation of his country. He has shewn us what the stage ought to be, and would be, if rightly directed. If we never see it so again, we can proudly refer to this period, and refute every argument against our national character, founded on the results of mistaken avarice in the holders of the patents, and

* We are informed that nearly three hundred tickets have been issued; and as the committee have sensibly resolved to keep the sale open till noon, we look to see the great hall of the Freemasons crowded something like the theatre on Tuesday.—*Ed. L. G.*

shameful behaviour in their tools and instruments.

In making these cursory remarks, we beg to be understood as meaning nothing prospectively. Time alone will enable us to ascertain how far praise or the reverse may be due to whoever undertakes the arduous task of succeeding Macready. For his own sake we should be glad at his return to his profession, unencumbered by the toils of management; for no physical powers could long sustain the prodigious labour and anxiety of bringing out dramas in the style he has been producing them, added to the fatigue of playing the principal parts. But we will say no more of ourselves, but conclude with a

SONNET,

Inscribed to Mr. Macready on his brilliant and successful restoration of the dramas of Shakspeare to the English Stage.

From the base fetters that erewhile confined
The native grace of his majestic gait,
Which sacrilegious hands had dared to bind
Upon his free-born limbs, (ignoble fate!)
At length released,—lo! Shakspeare walks elate,
Free as the sportive fawn or mountain wind,
Disclosing in his high and palmy state
Ethereal grace with godlike vigour joined.
Reproach it were, MACREADY, if the muse,
That loves to consecrate with bright renown
Each great and noble action, should refuse
For this thy brows with ananarth to crown:—
Yes, for this pious service shall thy name
Descend with Avon's bard in deathless fame.

R. B. S.

VARIETIES.

H. B. is as busy with caricatures as our legislature are towards the end of the session. No. 603, "A Pressure from Without." The Chancellor of the Exchequer on horseback, with his budget in his *valaise*, is stopped by John Bull à la footpad, to whom the finance minister gives "Uniform Penny Postage," and prays to have something back to meet his expenses on the road. 604, "A Pair." Sir E. L. Bulwer a front view, Mr. Disraeli a back view; amusing caricatures of modern dress and figure. Sir E. L. Bulwer's likeness is well caught, and would be still more correct, but for the exaggeration of the eyes in looking upon his fellow "pair." 605, "Design for a Wellington Testimonial." A classical and clever performance, partly imitating Wyatt's superb horse* in Cockspur Street, and partly the statue in Hyde Park, represented by the Duke, nude, and reining in the Bucephalus, which is girthed "Opposition." The animal, and the position of the group, are very spirited.

Portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland.—Mr. Minasi has just executed one of his careful and beautiful likenesses in pen and ink. It is a study of the head of the Duchess of Sutherland, very noble and aristocratic, as is the original. A fine child, in outline, completes a very charming group.

The Centre Table at Cooper's, New Bond Street, kept *perdu* from the time of the Revolution, and said to have formerly belonged to Versailles, considered as a work of art, is almost unrivalled. It is supported by three pedestals of the finest bronze *doré*, whose groups of figures are from the designs of Albert Durer. In the centre is a portrait of Madame Fontanges, by Mignard, the only one known by the master; around which are sixteen enamels of exquisite beauty, of the celebrated ladies and queens of France. In a series of such fascination, wherein the olden looks like the

* This horse is not a Greek horse, nor a Roman horse, nor a Flanders horse; but of the beautiful and symmetrical breed which English crossing has raised; such as George III. rode, and managed in the actual personation preserved in the design.

golden age, it is not easy to say who is the fairest; but there are two, *la belle Laure de Naves*, and *Marie de Hainaut*, wife of Louis II., on which the eye lingers longer than on the others. In the dresses, jewels—each splendid and different from the rest—the painter's skill is perfect.

The Newspaper Press Benevolent Association observed its second anniversary at Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday last, Lord Lyndhurst in the chair; Lord Brougham, the Nabob of Oude, the President of the Royal Academy, the Lord Mayor, and other distinguished guests, assisting. The musical talent brought forward on the occasion was of extraordinary variety, and including some of the finest female singers in the capital. The appearance also of ladies at the dinner-table, gave a new feature to the entertainment; whilst the addresses to the company by the chairman, Lord Brougham, and other visitors, and Mr. Vincent Dowling, President of the Association, filled up the day with a more than usual share of social pleasure and benevolent sympathy. It was gratifying to hear from the last-mentioned gentleman, that the Society was firmly established, and had already a fund of nearly 1000*l.* New contributions were announced.

British Museum.—Great alterations and improvements, both externally and internally, are, it is stated, about to be made at the British Museum.

Strange Effects of Ballooning.—In Mr. Green's published account of the recent ascent of the great Nassau balloon, he says—"The gentlemen who ascended with me were Mr. R. Crayshaw, and a lady, Mr. Dalby, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Spencer."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Review and Critical Journal, No. 140, July, 6*s.*—A synopsis of the Birds of North America, by J. J. Audubon, 8vo. 12*s.*—New Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, by R. H. Carne, No. 1, 2*s.* 6*d.*—History of British Reptiles, by Prof. Bell, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*; royal 8vo. 17*s.*; imperial 8vo. 25*s.* 6*d.*—Discourses on Various Subjects, by the Rev. J. Barry, 12mo. 5*s.*—Lectures on the Life and Character of Hezekiah, by Rev. W. Nicholson, fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Rhine: Legends, Traditions, &c., Cologne to Mainz, by J. Snowe, 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.*—Five Sermons preached at Oxford, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, 2d edition, 3*s.*—Instructions for collecting Insects, by A. Ingepen, new edition, 18mo. 3*s.*—Cheap Riches. Selections from Divines, 32mo. 2*s.*—Calvary; or, the Cross of Christ, by M. Daniell, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Robertson on the Teeth, 2d edition, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—C. E. Bernard's Arithmetical Perspective, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Kyd the Buccaneer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*—Dr. Salomon's Jewish Sermons, translated by Miss Goldmidt, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Sabbath Musings, and Every-day Scenes, fcap. 6*s.*—Roads and Railroads; Vehicles and Modes of Travelling of Ancient and Modern Countries, 12mo. 6*s.*—Forty Sermons by the Rev. R. Cattermole, 8vo. 16*s.*—The Great Western Railway Guide, 12mo. 4*s.*—Thoughts on the Sensibility of the Imagination, post 8vo. 5*s.*—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. XXV. XXVI. and XXVII., British America, 15*s.*—Robson's Greek Lexicon, on the basis of Robinson, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Authors of France, by A. Albites, 24mo. 3*s.*—Poems by Mrs. Wollenstam, new edition, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—The Croydon Railway, with Map and Views, 18mo. 2*s.*—The First Communion, by F. S. Parker, 12mo. 2*s.*—T. J. Ousley's Poems, 3d edit. 12mo. 6*s.*—Hamilton King, by the Old Sailor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*—Polack's New Zealand, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 16*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 11	From 55 to 75	29.92 to 29.65
Friday .. 12	59 .. 72	29.76 .. 29.68
Saturday .. 13	62 .. 74	29.57 .. 30.04
Sunday .. 14	62 .. 70	29.92 .. 29.94
Monday .. 15	56 .. 72	29.93 .. 30.04
Tuesday .. 16	48 .. 69	30.08 .. 30.04
Wednesday 17	46 .. 69	30.03 .. 29.74

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 12th, 14th, and 17th, generally clear; rain fell on the 12th, 14th, and following day. Lightning during the evening of the 17th.

Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY NEXT, the 27th INSTANT.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 53 Pall Mall West, adjoining the British Institution. Open from Nine o'Clock till Dark.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF

WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.

Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.
Admission, One Shilling each.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University for the current year will commence on Monday, October 7th. Candidates are admissible to this Examination on producing a Certificate of having attained Sixteen years of age.

The following are the Classical Subjects—
For the Matriculation Examination in 1839:
Xenophon.—The First Book of the Memorabilia;
Horace.—The Third Book of the Odes.
For the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1840:
The Antigone of Sophocles;
The Agricola, Germania, and the First Book of the Annals of Tacitus.

For the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1841:
Thucydides.—The First Book;
Horace.—The Odes, Epistles, and Ars Poetica.
Somerset House,
9th July, 1839.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

MUSIC.

NEW SONGS published by WILLIS and Co. 75, Lower Grosvenor Street (near Bond Street), where may be always found a splendid variety of Pianofortes, by all the most eminent masters (including Paper's newly-invented Table Pianoforte), at the lowest Manufacturer's prices.

It was a Dram, by the Composer of "The Captive" } 1 6
"Knight" }
The Sisters, or Leave Me Not. (MS.) } 2 0
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